By this one bloudie trial of ſharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conſcience is a thouſand ſwords
To fight againſt that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare, *that*
Which in his greateſt need will ſhrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings. × *Exit*

Enter K Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Boſworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why looke ſt thou ſo ſad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we muſt haue knockes, ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both giue and take, my gracious Lord,
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Beſides, the kings name is a tower of ſtrength, *that a*
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden ſeate, *yete*
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is ſir *William* Brandon, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord Stanly quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue miſtane his colours much.